

NO
DANGER
TO A GIRL
LIKE
THIS



MANHOOD SERIES
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NOBLESSE OBLIGE

To live the life my father taught,
Of honor, dignity and length;
To do the little things I ought;
To know, but not to show my strength;
To make and keep a friend or two,
And show a kindness every day;
To do the work I ought to do,
And do it in a goodly way;
To earn so much as I may need
For my own wants and little more;
To win perhaps a cheering meed
From Her whose praise I labor for
To do no hurt by thoughtless speech,
By careless, cruel look or act;
To learn from whomsoe'er may teach
The kindly courtesy of tact—
These the ideals to approach,
These be the lessons I must scan,
That I may bear, without reproach,
The grand old name of GENTLEMAN,

—Life.

NO DANGER TO A GIRL LIKE THIS

By
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Author of
"The Trail a Boy Travels,"
"The Nurse and the Knight,"
Etc.

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FOREWORD.

The pages following contain a story which will move to the deepest depths the heart of every thinking youth and man. To such this little booklet is dedicated. These are strenuous days and in doing the bit of work to which he is called in the Service of the Empire, the Soldier finds his pathway beset with perils, the more real, the more alluring, the more dangerous because of the new, strange, difficult life into which he has entered. Adventure is in his very heart's blood. An intense longing to perform heroic deeds, to win distinction's badge is ever welling from his soul. This little booklet is the first of a series, prepared for the boys who are in training to do or who have already done great exploits, in the belief that it needs only the proper presentation of the peril to cause a thinking man to step quickly aside from the danger of a calamity to his whole existence and to the lives of those he loves. Our future as an Empire depends as much upon the kind of lives men live as upon their glorious service on the field of battle. A True Life must be Pure.

I.

I HAD known Doctor Gale always. He had been our family physician and although I had moved to a distant town when I married, I had always cherished him as one of the dearest friends of my life. I met him a few weeks ago in the city and we spent many hours together, talking of old friends and old days—when I was a boy and he was a young physician. As the hour grew late we talked of later days, of the horrors of the war and of how God is using us to set the example of consecrated patriotism before mankind. Then he told me of other things which a doctor knows better than any other man, for nothing is hidden from the family doctor.

These stories were appalling. At first I could not believe that he knew, but he cited many instances which had come under his own observation. "Why," he said, "we all know these things in my profession. The excitement over the war has started the flames in the woman-heart. Women, especially young women and the girls, are love-mad over the men and boys in the uniform, and this feeling has spread until there is a passion of tenderness for young men and boys of all vocations throughout the nation; love has been betrayed and women are nursing broken hearts and ruined lives in a way I have never known in my long practice."

"Can't anything be done, doctor," I asked anxiously. "I have five boys and

two girls. Two of my sons will be in the camps next week. One may go later but two are too young. My girls have many young men friends. If these things are true, the whole country ought to be warned. What can be done?"

"Yes," he said, "something ought to be done. Parents ought to know the danger of their children, so that they may teach their sons and protect their daughters. Especially the girls of this country ought to know so that they can protect themselves against the scamps and scoundrels in whatever garb they may appear. There ought to be a crusade which would rock this nation to its foundations until Canada would be the most dangerous zone on earth for men who do not honor the love and purity of woman. Fathers and sons should start it. For if we should start the cry, 'We defend the girls of to-day to adorn the homes of to-morrow,' men would beware and our girls would be safe. When you alarm a woman's chastity she defends herself as if she were a tigress defending her young."

"One man is going to start it," I said. "I would rather see my five sons slain than to know that one had ever betrayed a woman through her love. You are going out home with me, doctor, tell my boys what you have told me." He objected, then hesitated, then went, because he was my friend.

II.

SO the next evening, after supper, the boys came with us to the library where the doctor talked to them as he had to me. They learned many things

which a doctor sees as a part of his day's work. He told them story after story of the tragedies of love. We saw this danger to boys and girls, young men and young women which threatened to sweep over the nation like a deluge, and we were appalled.

After nearly an hour, he stopped and turned to look long into the fire blazing in the grate before continuing:

"But there are thousands of girls who understand all the dangers of love and are able to take care of themselves because they scent deception and duplicity afar off. From these we seldom hear, but I am going to tell you one story which I wish could be told to every girl in the world.

"Mona Moorland has lived in our town since childhood. I knew her parents—have known her since she was twelve years old—and think I have never seen a more beautiful girl. Her beauty as a child was not alone physical, although she had that in abundance, too, but she had laughter and smiles and a girlish nature and charming manner which made her whole person glow, which fascinated all who saw her. Yet she was only a child.

"The miracle had not happened yet.

"Have you ever watched it, boys? Have you ever watched this miracle of life turning a winsome child into a wonderful woman?

"There is no other miracle in the world like that.

"And yet you cannot tell me how it is done. Neither can the wise men who

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unravel mysteries, interpret dreams, and talk philosophy.

"You do not know.

"They do not know.

"Her friends do not know, although they see it.

"Her brothers do not know, although they watch it.

"Her sisters do not know either, although they also glow with it, as it has come or is coming to them.

"Her father does not know, although the change may startle him.

"Even her mother cannot understand it, although she thrills at the sight. She is anxious and worries sometimes, but she is very proud as she watches it flower into finer beauty from day to day.

"God knows.

"The charm of the child vanishes after a while into the glory of the woman, as the morning star vanishes into the greater glory of the morning.

"Boys, what did God plant in the soul of a baby girl which grows for twelve or fourteen years in obscurity and silence and innocence, and then, when the time is ripe, turns the charming child into the wonderful woman?

"This is the Miracle of all Miracles.

III.

WHEN the woman has come, the girl vanishes. She feels differently. She thinks differently. She has strange instincts and intuitions. A new quality of unselfishness comes to her. She has new longings and desires. A new hunger for love comes into her life

and fills her heart with tenderness. For this love, when the man comes who can win her heart, she will stand or fall. She will live or die. She will give all things for love. Boys, this woman-love, so large, so tender, so gracious, so courageous, so unselfish, so willing to give, and give more, and yet more, and still more; so willing to lose all and sink into obscurity or oblivion, if only she may serve her love and her lover, is the most wonderful thing of all God's creations.

"There is no other Glory like that Glory.

"It is the very Flower of Heaven.

"It is the cunning mystery out of which Mothers are made.

"There could never be anything finer than that.

"Well, I had seen this transfiguration come to Mona while she was growing from twelve to eighteen, and when we thought that she was as beautiful as a girl could be she was overwhelmed with sorrow.

"Her mother died.

"At first, we feared for her sanity, but grief does not often consume. It does often refine. It did that with Mona, and after the long siege of sorrow she was finer than she had ever been, and the whole town loved her.

"She finished her year in the high school, but a week after her graduation her father died; when the estate was settled she had eighty-one dollars to her credit and was an orphan. But Mona had courage. She drew the money from the bank, went to the normal school for two months and began to teach.

"Then the thing happened. She met him. She loved him and he loved her, but there are many kinds of love.

"He was a soldier boy. He had come to visit his uncle and met her. He came of good family and looked very fine in his uniform. When he had been with us several weeks, he went away for a month. He returned a lieutenant, with two stars upon each shoulder, and she was prouder of him than she had been before and perhaps she loved him a little more, too. Who can tell.

"Then the last week came. One Saturday evening he was notified to report for duty the next Saturday morning. That week they were much together. Each afternoon he went out to the school and walked into town with her. Each evening they strolled by the lake shore. The days passed, each sadder than the day before, for she always remembered that he was going to the great war and might never come back, and yet she wanted him to go, for she comes of a line of patriots who have loved and fought for their country.

IV.

WELL, the last day came and the last evening they went for their last stroll along the shore of the lake. It was late when they were turning back toward the town, but he led her aside into the grove and they sat for awhile upon a tree trunk, talking as lovers have always talked before a long parting. Her heart was almost breaking. She hid her face upon his shoulder. Tears came but she would not let him know.

He was going to war where poison gas, bullets and shells would search for him. War does not favor the lover or the loved. It is a cannibal. It eats every living thing which comes within its maw.

"He was very tender with her at first. He held her close but kissed her tenderly. He tried to comfort her with good-natured raillery: 'I have a charmed life,' he said. 'When there are accidents I always escape unhurt. In all rough games I come out without an injury. The Germans never made the bullet which could hit me. There is a special Providence which protects some men. I am one of them. I shall be back without a scratch when the war is over, and I shall be a captain or a major or a colonel. Then we shall make our home. Every room will be ours from the kitchen to the bed-room. I can't wait. I can never wait until this war is over. Your beauty stirs me like wine. I am drunk with love. You are mine now, body and soul as much as if we had been married by a hundred ministers. And if I should never come back I have lost all. You are mine—mine.'

"She, too, was drunk with the wine of love, but not with the kind which he had been drinking.

"He crushed her to him and kissed her, over and over. Then—then he whispered something into her ear.

"At first she could not believe. Then she knew. Her body relaxed. Her mind became numb. Perhaps she was faint for a few seconds, but then she shivered as from a cold wind. Still dazed, she

released herself and drew back from him slowly. At first she could not speak.

"He sat upon the log looking at her and waited.

"When she could speak, she said quite slowly:

"'Roscoe, is that what your love for me means?

"'Is it the memory of such a deed which you wish to take with you into the great war?

"'Is this the measure of your manhood?

"'Is this what your fine old father taught you to offer the woman you love?

"'Is this what your mother taught you is due a woman?

"'Is this the character of a gentleman and a soldier?"

"She had talked slowly, the plaint of grief and shame in her voice. He sat still as if he had been chained to the log.

"'And if I had submitted because I loved you, I would have lost that thing which all good women prize above all other things—even above love. I should have lost my chastity. Why, Roscoe,' she pleaded, 'Chastity is woman's greatest charm. Can any woman be charming without it?

"'Would you bring unchaste women into your home?

"'Do you introduce them to your mother and sisters?

"'Do you choose them as your associates and friends?

"'A woman without chastity has no friends, no neighbors, no home, no country, no pride, no peace, no happiness, no hope. She has no past to look back upon,

except with horror. She has no future to look forward to, except the future of forgetfulness, oblivion and death. She loathes herself. She conceals her deed more closely than she would conceal the blackest crime. She lives in terror.

“‘Oh, Roscoe,’ she said, with tears in her voice, ‘I can’t believe it of you, even when I know I loved you so. But I have to believe it. The girl who will not believe that harm may lurk in love is lost. How could you think it in your heart?’

“‘Do you want to stain me so that all the snows of winter could not wash me clean?’

V.

YOU have said sometimes that I am beautiful. Do you want to make me so low and loathsome that good women will draw their skirts aside lest they touch me, and good men will shun me? Do you want the fine people in this beautiful town, where I have been raised, to loathe me, to close their doors against me and to leave me in the street? Do you want those who have loved me to scorn me and hate me? Do you want even the children to point at me and whisper when I pass?

“‘If, blindly, this thing happened, you would depart within the hour and I would go to my room alone, to think and weep with a broken heart over that thing which had befallen me. I should fear to go to bed, lest I should have ghastly dreams, and should fear to waken, lest I should have more gruesome thoughts than my dreams. I should feel that all good had gone from me and left

me unfit to live and less fit to die. For God meant women to be clean and sweet and lovely, as he meant men to be clean and strong and manly.

“‘And as the days passed by, I would begin to watch with terror for that evidence which would tell the public of that shame which I already felt. I would follow the days, suspicious of every symptom, alarmed, fearful, terrified, appalled, until broken and disgraced and bewildered I would crawl away to see the old family doctor who would forgive me and love me, for my mother’s sake. Then maybe there would be an innocent baby of a fallen girl and nameless father to curse the parents who had begotten it.

“‘Oh, Roscoe, how could you?’

“‘I loved you,’ he said hoarsely. ‘I loved you. Day and night my heart called for you.’

She backed away and looked at him, holding her head high.

“‘I wish that you had hated me. If you had been my bitterest enemy you could not have conjured up a more monstrous wrong. In the wildest frenzy of hatred, a savage Turk could not have wreaked a more savage vengeance against the captive women of his conquered foes. What is your estimate of the German libertines who despoil the daughters of France and Belgium? Are they more to be condemned than men of our country who dress in the garb of gentlemen or the uniform of soldiers, then walk into the hospitable homes of their own countrymen, and with love on their lips, but lust in their heart, despoil young women

who ought to be as sacred to them as their own sisters?

“‘Are these the conquests which fathers teach to their sons?

“‘Are these the triumphs men boast of when we women are absent?

“‘Do mothers know this when they bear a man child: that he is to be the ruthless enemy of her kind?

“‘Are all women the common prey of men?

“‘Is this man’s love for woman?

“‘Then man falls because he loves too little, as woman may fall because she loves too much.

VI.

THIS is not the love that women hunger for. All my life I have dreamed of the man I could love. I have kept my heart and moulded my life for him. He was strong and tender and manly, like my own father. He would defend me against harm, protect me against wrong and shield me from evil. He would honor my honor, and delight in my charms, and keep himself clean for me always. And if the need came, he would suffer for me; sacrifice for me; fight for me; bleed for me; live for me; die for me, and love me—love me, forever!

“‘And in return I would love him to madness through good and evil days. If he were sick, I would nurse him. If he were weak, I would be his strength. If he were paralyzed, I would wheel him in the sun. If he were deaf, I would be ears for him. If he were blind, I would be his eyes. I would feed him, lead him

and read to him. And if he were insane, I would be true to him until death, and I would love him. Ah, how I would love him.'

"She stood still and looked at him. In that moment the atrocity of his purpose overwhelmed her and she saw him for what he was.

"She drew herself up to her full height and said slowly, with a scorn which burnt like a slow flame:

" 'And I thought that I had found him in you.

" 'I looked into your eyes and they were charming.

" 'I listened to your voice and it was melodious.

" 'I noticed your clothes. They were immaculate.

" 'I watched your manners. They were perfect.

" 'But when I looked into your heart it was coarse, filthy, and vulgar and cheap.'

" 'I despise you! I loathe you! I hate you! If I knew how, I would curse you! For what is a man but a coward, if he would prey upon women and use the language of love to lure innocence to evil?'

"Then she turned and walked into the town alone."

VII.

THE doctor stopped and gazed into the flames.

I looked at my own boys. Their faces were flushed. I did not know how hard they had been hit. Then Albert said:

"Good girl! He got what was coming to him."

"Fine little woman," said George.

"She ought to have killed him. He's a dog!" exploded Richard, while the other two said nothing.

"It was too bad the mother and father could not have lived to know what kind of a daughter they had raised," I said. "I wish every girl in Canada could know her. There isn't much danger to a girl like that.

"But the facts, doctor! The conditions! The danger, the horror are appalling. What can we do about it?" I asked.

The old doctor looked at me with wrath in his eyes.

"Do about it!" he said. "Do about it! I don't know what you and your sons, and other men and their sons are going to do about it, but I am going to raise hell about it until fathers and mothers understand the danger to the daughters; until every decent son and brother will defend their own sisters and other men's sisters with their lives; until the school girls and young women of every class of society shall know that any boy or man who makes an improper proposal to them in the name of love, is not their lover, but a libertine with hell in his heart who would bring to her disgrace and shame and appalling ruin.

VIII.

BUT this is not a one-man problem. It is a home problem, a church problem, a school, and a Y.M.C.A. and Y.W.C.A. problem. It is a national prob-

lem and of more importance to this nation than war or munitions or soldiers—for what have we gained when we win the war, if our love is defiled and our young women stained?

“It is better for this nation to lose democracy than to lose decency.”



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will be a benefit***
